MERCURIES MESSAGE,
OR
THE COPPY OF A LETTER
sent to *William Laud* late Archbishop of CANTERBVRY, now prisoner in the *Tower*.

PROV. 11. 10.

When it fares well with righteous men,
The City is glad and joyfull then:
But when with wicked it fares ill,
Ther's none of them, take pitty will.

JOB. 27. 23.

Clapping of hands with joy there is apace,
Hissing them out of their great Lordly place.

JOB. 32. 9.

The great ones are not alwayes wise,
Who in great pompe and state doe rise.

Printed in the yeare, of our Prelates feare. 1641.

Revel. 13. 16.

The man that understanding hath
Behold and see, the Scripture saith
The number of the Beast is numbred
And comes unto the sum six hundred
Sixty and six: the name here writ amounts
Vnto the same if we doe rightly count.

The mans name

The Beasts number

W	10	L	50
I	1	A	0
L	50	V	5
L	50	D	500

is the worlds wonder

With Beasts the same.

666.

Revela. 19. 20.

Into the lake the beast was cast
Which never dyes: but everlasting last.
It burnes with brimstone and with fire,
According to Gods dreadfull ire.

TO

The late famous, now Infamous Arch-Biſhop, *WILLIAM*, a CANTERBVRY.

MY LORD,

I Call you what, not long agoe you were,
But now thoſe golden dayes are paſt I feare,
And ſo doth all the drooping *Hierarchy*
Of Lordly Biſhops that er'e while ſo high.
Bore up their heads to ſhow themſelves ſuperiors,
And proudly tread upon their poore inferiors.
How did you Domineere in your vaine pride
Whilſt in proſperity you did abide,
With envious Rage, and foule malicioufneſſe,
Striving to bring Gods people in diſtreſſe,
Downe went all painefull and laborious teaching,
The Service *Booke* more uſefull was, then preaching
In your account, having an *Inclination*
With *Popiſh* rites to blind our *Britiſh Nation*.
But men of ſounder judgement know full well,
That Gods pure word mans wiſedome doth excell;
And yet forſooth your will being a Law,
Men better then your ſelfe, you kept in aw.
Well, next our weekely Lectures lik't you not,
To put down them your *zeale* was wondrous hot,
It ſeemes your Lordſhip had conceiv'd a thought,
And feard poore *Ignorants* would too much be taught,
And ſo your *Soule* deludements learne to ſee,
When with *Roome's* practiſe can no whit agree;
Elſe you might thinke, with plenty being fed,
They might have cloath'd that heavenly bread.
For men by *Solomons* rule may ſurfets get
In finding honey, they too much ont eat.

Therefore your Grace tooke a sure course for such,
Y'ad rather see, then starve, then have too much
But now the Sabboth day in your esteeme
Is kept too strictly, this's a fault you deeme,
For squaring thus our actions by Gods word
We with the Papists never should accord,
Therefore by smooth false, base insinuation
You did perswade the King by Proclamation
To give his subjects leave to sport and play
In spight of all gainsayers on that day:
This done, one Sermon must content us to
And that but one houre long, for if men do
Exceed their time prescrib'd, tho their invention
Be nere so good, they may expect suspension:
In all which did not we Religion fly,
With *Rome* observe a sweet close sympathy.
But is this all; no, Altars next you raise,
And waxen Tapers must upon them blaze;
Yea in these heapes of stone such worth is found,
That passers by must bow to'em downe toth' ground:
Is Jesus with a large pronounciation
Vttered by some time-serve'rs being the fashion,
Legs, Congies, Bowings, wait upon that name
In outward Adoration of the same,
Indeed the Countrey did this trick refuse,
Because their scraping spoyl'd their Sunday shoo's:
Besides being full of Nayles and Iron specks,
They made a Parish charge to buy new bricks.
To ratifie all this, Canons are made,
And yet I thinke the authors are not paid
For that good worke of theirs, but let that pas,
This Parliament then never dreampt of was:
Or if it were and things had come toth' worst,
Perhaps you thought to dash it like the first;
Therefore in uncontrouled pride you raign'd
Vertue oppos'd, all vices you maintain'd;
Which made men thinke you had an itching hope
To be some Cardinall or little Pope.
Whereby an ancient Proverb's verified,
Beggers if set on horse backe, love to ride.

Did

Did any Minister detect these things,
To see your Bishops rule like petty Kings,
Did they out of true zeale and conscience sake,
A scruple of your Popish orders make:
Crosse, Surplice, Tippet, would they not allow
To high Altar, did they scorne to bow:
Was there no outward signe of Reverence shownne
When Jesus was pronounc'd, and that made knownne
To your Lordship; straight off went th'offenders eares,
Though here so old, no pitti's tooke of yeares:
Your worships pillory must their necks adorne
A triple Tree they say shall serve your turne,
They peepe through wooden windowes; as for you
Gregory has a hempen Lattice faire and new,
Men hope to see you mounted ere you die,
I am sorry for't my Lord, but cannot cry.
Sure your well-wishers hymmes of praise will sing,
To see you goe to Heaven in a string:
Or if not so, the common people sweare,
You'l grace the Block as well as your compere:
Others suppose that a Clothworkers son,
Shall never have such honour to him done:
Thus all men censure, none cares what they say,
Pusse being cag'd, the Mice may freely play:
So in a Country pasture have I seene
The little Lambkins skipping on a greene,
Whilst the poore woolfe lies tangled in the net
The carefull Shepheard for his ruine set:
This is the talke my Lord that goes about,
He's no body now adayes that cannot flout:
Imprison'd *Canterbury*, when 'tis cleare
Your back's too narrow all these quips to beare;
Oh had your thoughts and stature but agreed
Together, then all had beene well indeed:
But when such Pigmy Lords as you will cherish
Ambitious great desires, doth lightly perish:
How true this happens to your helpelesse wo,
And sad destruction, sure I am you know:
For now y're falling 'tis the generall cry,
Downe with him Tyrant, fie upon him fie.

Blest were the man could light on such good hap,
To beat out's eyes with's *Babylonian* cap.
Thus are our wits imployed early and late
With some quient jeere to breake your Graces pate,
VVe scorne sayes one his vices to applaud,
We know the Divell must have little *Lawd*;
O sayes a second, hee's a gallant prize,
And by his fall, young *Gregory* will rise.
VVho sweares when surplice and Lawn-sleeves he's got
Heele send *Romes* strumpet a veneriall smock.
As for the Song which goes *Blew cap for me*,
Heel have it changd, to *Black cap thats his fee*.
Lastly, (to passe all others) some suppose
You have a tricke of art to fetch backe those
Shewd us their Heeles, where ever they remaine,
Or else be hangd when you come backe againe:
I know you have a great desire to doe it.
Could you perswade the Parliament unto it;
But were you sent on such an errand now.
When should we see you returne never we know:
Oh tis whipping time my Lord most thinke,
When such as you, for feare begin to stinke:
Some run for it their Activity to show,
Their Heads may thanke their Legs, if they scape so,
Others that cannot goe; Bloud-sucking Leeches,
Make Buttons backwards, and defile their breeches:
So may you see some dogs when death drawes neere,
Being lifted from the earth persume the ayre:
Me thinkes your Honour yea your Honours head,
Hangs in the ayre by a small twisted thread:
Which to Heavens praise, Hells joy, & *Londons* wonder
The Sword of justice strives to cut asunder.
Alas what Remedy, if downe you must,
Tis but a little grace transformed to Dust;
Where Dirt and ashes having stopt your breath,
Youl find this truth, wages of sinne is death;
Did you expect my Lord a yeare ago,
To see your glorious light extinguished so;
Did you once dreame of this disaster sad,
Sure no y'ad liv'd much better if you had.

So have I seene the treacherous Fox ore-shot,
Pursuing his prey with rage and malice hot;
Till in the height of's pride at unaware
Thinking to catch the spoyle he falls it'h snare.
I know my *L*ord you now consume your dayes
In bitternesse, be spoken to your praise,
*A*nd that's good Reason't should be so, for why?
Y'ave worne whole yeares away in vanity:
And yet we doubt y'are onely discontented.
*T*o see your hellish aymes so well prevented.
But is the head sick and the members free,
Doe not our other Bishops grieve to see
Their *Prop* so sorely shaken, surely they doe
For you once downe they need must tumble to;
They know a house thats built upon the *Sand*,
In time of windy stormes can never stand.
Now if great Beelzebub himselfe be scar'd?
Needs must th'inferiour Dovells be afeard.

Some other things I meane to write, which I
Will now omit t'avoid *Prolixity*:
I feare already I've too tedious been,
*A*nd that you euer judgd a haynous sin.
Therefore to close up all, let me *I* pray,
Informe you what the bonny *Scotchmen* say:
They hope in quiet to goe home unbangd
And wish the causes of their comming hangd:
And so they vow to see him ere they goe,
Then farewell *England*, *Iockey* is no foe.
Therefore my Lord take a friends advise
And learne to swing adayes if you be wise:
*F*or I'm perswaded tis your Honours lot,
To have your old bones stretcht, why should you not?
Old men must dye you know, and young men may:
When your turne comes, then weel make holy-day;
And like old *Israel* skip and sing amaine,
To see *Goliah* on the Mountaines slaine.
My muse growes weary Sir and now i'le rest
Mine owne, not yours, I see the Suns ith west.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula Cautem.

But some will nere learne wit till its dearly taught them.

An

What newes is this I heare
In all mens mouthes so sweet,
Lords taken in the snare
Laid for anothers feet.
Indeed I alwaies thought
Ambitious pride would fall,
Mens waies being lewd and nought

Lead them toth pit of thrall.
A great mans hope is vaine
Vnlesse his life be just,
Death ends his dayes in shame,

And then wher's human trust;
Riches will not availe
Cold words be then produc'd
Honour and wit will faile
Because th'ave bin abus'd,
In pompe and dignitee
Sometime tho he remaine
His greatnesse soone will bee
Obscurd with foule disdaine.
Proud *Nimrod* thus and's troope,

Of late have lost their power,
For *Babell* gins to stoope.

Confusion shakes their tower
A northerne blast hath blowne
Were thirty flat caps downe
That were so stately growne,
Each one ore-topt the Crowne
Rome wailes their sudden fall,
But 'tis in vaine to rore
Vsurping Prelates shall
Rule us in pride no more:
Ire divino made an Alle you see,
England rejoyce, 'tis happy newes for thee.

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FINIS.